



Class Book Book

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POEMS OF THE SUN-LIT HEIGHTS

BY MANY POETS
OLD AND NEW

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LITTLE SUN-BOOKS

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THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

From the Sufi

LISTEN to the Exhortation of the Dawn!

Look to this Day!

For it is Life, the very Life of Life.

For it is Life, the very Life of Life. In its brief course lie all the

In its brief course lie all the

Verities and Realities of your Existence;

The Bliss of Growth, The Glory of Action, The Splendor of Beauty:

For yesterday is but a Dream, And Tomorrow is only a Vision;

But today well lived makes

Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness, And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.

Look well therefore to this Day!

Such is the salutation of the Dawn.



WAITING

By John Burroughs

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea; I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For, lo! My own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays:For what avails this eager pace?I stand amid the eternal ways,And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

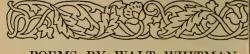
What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw

The brook that springs in yonder height,
So flows the good with equal law

Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.



POEMS BY WALT WHITMAN

SONG OF MYSELF

I HAVE said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more

than the soul,

And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,

And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud,

And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth,

And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod confounds the learning of all times,

And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero,

- And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe,
- And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes.
- And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
- For I who am curious about each am not curious about God,
- (No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death.)
- I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,
- Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.
- Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
- I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then,

In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,

I find letters from God dropt in the street and every one is sign'd by God's name

And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go,

Others will punctually come for ever and ever

TO YOU

I WILL leave all and come and make the hymns of you,

None has understood you, but I understand you,

None has done justice to you, you have not done justice to yourself,

None but has found you imperfect, I only find no imperfection in you,

None but would subordinate you, I only am he who will never consent to subordinate you,

- I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, God, beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself.
- Painters have painted their swarming groups and the centre-figure of all,
- From the head, of the centre-figure spreading a nimbus of gold-color'd light,
- But I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head without its nimbus of gold-color'd light,
- From my hand, from the brain of every man and woman it streams, effulgently flowing forever.
- O I could sing such grandeurs and glories about you!
- You have not known what you are, you have slumber'd upon yourself all your life,
- Your eyelids have been the same as closed most of the time.
- What you have done returns already in mockeries.

- (Your thrift, knowledge, prayers, if they do not return in mockeries, what is their return?) . . .
- As for me, I give nothing to any one except I give the like carefully to you,
- I sing the songs of the glory of none, not God, sooner than I sing the songs of the glory of you.
- Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!

"SWIFTLY I SHRIVEL"

SWIFTLY I shrivel at the thought of God, At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,

But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou Actual Me:

And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs.

Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death, And fillest swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

"I ORDAIN MYSELF"

FROM this hour I ordain myself loosed of limits and imaginary lines,

Going where I list, my own master total and absolute.

Listening to others, considering well what they say.

Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating, Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that would hold me.

"I KNOW I AM RESTLESS"

I KNOW I am restless and make others so, I know my words are weapons, full of danger, full of fire,

For I confront peace, security, and all the settled laws, to unsettle them,

I am more resolute because all have denied me than I could ever have been had all accepted me, I heed not and have never heeded either experience, caution, majorities, nor ridicule, And the threat of what is call'd hell is little or

nothing to me,

And the lure of what is call'd heaven is little or nothing to me.

"I KNOW I AM AUGUST"

I KNOW I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate
itself or be understood,

I see that the elementary laws never apologize, (I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by, after all).

I exist as I am, that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,
And if each and all be aware I sit content.
One world is aware and by far the largest to
me, and that is myself,

- And whether I come to my own to-day or in ten thousand or ten million years,
- I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.
 - My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
 - I laugh at what you call dissolution,
 - And I know the amplitude of time.
 - And I will show that there is no imperfection in the present, and can be none in the future,
 - And I will show that whatever happens to anybody it may be turn'd to beautiful results.

SOMETIMES WITH ONE I LOVE

SOMETIMES with one I love I fill myself with rage for fear I effuse unreturn'd love,

18 POEMS OF SUN-LIT HEIGHTS

But now I think there is no unreturn'd love, the pay is certain one way or another:

(I loved a certain person ardently and my love was not return'd,

Yet out of that I have written these songs.)



POEMS BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WILL

THERE is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing. Will alone is great.
All things give way before it soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.

Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim. Why even Death stands
still,

And waits an hour some times for such a will.

FREEDOM

I CARE not who were vicious back of me, No shadow of their sins on me is shed. My will is greater than heredity; I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice

May be reflections from a race that was; But this I know, and, knowing it, rejoice: I am myself, a part of the Great Cause.

I am a spirit! Spirit would suffice,
If rightly used, to set a chained world
free.

Am I not stronger than a mortal vice That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?

FATE

ONE ship drives east and another drives west,

With the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales
Which tell us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,

As we voyage along through life:

'Tis the set of a soul

That decides its goal,

And not the calm or the strife.

OUR SOULS

OUR souls should be vessels receiving The waters of love for relieving The sorrows of men. For here lies the pleasure of living: In taking God's bounties and giving The gifts back again.

THE LAW

WHEN the great universe was wrought To might and majesty from naught The all-creative force was—

Thought.

That force is thine. Though desolate The way may seem, command thy fate. Send forth thy thought—

Create -- Create!

THOUGHT-MAGNETS

WITH each strong thought, with every earnest longing

For aught thou deemest needful to thy soul, Invisible vast forces are set thronging

Between thee and that goal.

'Tis only when some hidden weakness alters And changes thy desire, or makes it less, That this mysterious army ever falters Or stops short of success.

Thought is a magnet; and the longed-for pleasure

Or boon, or aim, or object, is the steel; And its attainment hangs but on the measure Of what thy soul can feel.

"BUILD ON RESOLVE"

BUILD on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not
grope

Among the shadows of old sins, but let Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope,

And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears Upon the blotted record of lost years, But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile to see The fair, white pages that remain for thee.

THINE INHERITANCE

THERE is no thing thou canst not over-

Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole
life forlorn

And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and thy grand-parents lies The great eternal will! That too is thine Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine, Sure lever of success for him who tries.

There is no noble height thou canst not climb; All triumphs may be thine in Time's futurity; If, whatsoe'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt;

But lean upon the path of God's security.

Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest; Know thyself part of the Eternal source; Naught can stand before thy spirit's force; The soul's divine inheritance is best.



POEMS BY ROBERT BROWNING

GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME

From RABBI BEN EZRA

GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all,
nor be afraid!"...

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I
must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but
go!

Be our joys three-parts pain! Strive, and hold cheap the strain;

Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence, — a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks, —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:

What I aspired to be, And was not, comforts me:

A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute Whose flesh has soul to suit, Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?

To man, propose this test— Thy body at its best, How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:

I own the Past profuse

Of power each side, perfection every turn:

Eyes, ears took in their dole,

Brain treasured up the whole;

Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn?"

Not once beat "Praise be thine!

I see the whole design,

I, who saw power, see now Love perfect too:

Perfect I call thy plan:

Thanks that I was a man!

Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what thou shalt do!"

For pleasant is this flesh; Our soul, in its rose-mesh

Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:

Would we some prize might hold

To match those manifold

Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the

I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"

As the bird wings and sings, Let us cry, "All good things

28

Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

WHY I AM A LIBERAL

"WHY?" Because all I haply can and do,
All that I now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting
free

Body and soul the purpose to purpose

free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men — each in his degree
Also God-guided — bear, and gayly, too?

But little do or can the best of us: That little is achieved through Liberty.

Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,

His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,

Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss

A brother's right to freedom. That is "Why."

LIFE STANZAS

TRUTH is within ourselves: it takes no

From outward things, whate'er you may believe.

There is an inmost centre in us all, Where Truth abides in fulness. . . .

And, to know

Rather consists in opening out a way Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape, Than in effecting entry for a light Supposed to be without.

I COUNT life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe the

Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true.

BUT what if I fail in my purpose here? It is but to keep the nerves at strain, To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall, And baffled get up and begin again, So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.

I SEE my way as birds their trackless way.
I Shall Arrive.

What time, what circuit first, I ask not. In some time, his good time.

I Shall Arrive.

G^O boldly; go serenely; go augustly; Who can withstand thee then!



STANZAS

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THE common problem, yours, mine, every-one's,

Is not to fancy what were fair in life Provided it could be — but finding first What may be, then find how to make it fair Up to our means, — a very different thing.

So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,

From thy heart, and thy hand and thy brave cheer,

And God's grace fructify through thee all.

EARTH'S crammed with heaven
And every common bush after with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.



POEMS BY EDWIN MARKHAM

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

DEFEAT may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the
trunk

Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.

Only the soul that knows the mighty grief Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

EARTH IS ENOUGH

WE men of earth have here the stuff Of Paradise—we have enough! We need no other stones to build The stairs into the UnfulfilledNo other ivory for the doors — No other marble for the floors — No other cedar for the beam And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every-day— Here on the common human way Is all the stuff the gods would take To build a Heaven, to mould and make New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime To build Eternity in time!

THE PROPHET AND THE TRAVELERS

GONE is the city, gone the day, Yet still the story and the meaning stay:

Once, where a prophet in the palm shade basked,

A traveler chanced at noon to rest his mules. "What sort of people may they be," he asked, "In this proud city on the plain o'erspread?"

34 POEMS OF SUN-LIT HEIGHTS

"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"

"What sort," the packman scowled, "why, knaves and fools."

"You'll find the people here the same,"
The wise man said.

Another stranger in the dusk drew near, And pausing cried, "What sort of people here In your bright city where you towers arise?" "Well, friend, what sort of people whence

"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"

"What sort," the pilgrim smiled, "good, true and wise!"

"You'll find the people here the same," The wise man said.

ONE MUSIC

THERE is a high place in the upper air, So high that all the jarring sounds of EarthAll cursing and all crying and all mirth — Melt to one murmur and one music there.

And so perhaps, high over worm and clod,
There is an unimaginable goal.

Where all the wars and discords of the soul Make one still music to the heart of God.

PARTNERS

WHO digs a well, or plants a seed, A sacred pact he keeps with sun and sod:

With these he helps refresh and feed The world, and enters partnership with God.

THE CHOICE

EVERY end brings a new beginning: New dreams to dream, new worlds for winning;

Brings husks for eating, loves for losing; Re-offers heaven and hell for choosing.

OUTWITTED

HE drew a circle that shut me out— Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout. But Love and I had the wit to win: We drew a circle that took him in.



THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

"HADST thou stayed I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone, Leaning on the floor of stone, Prayed the monk in deep contrition For his sins of indecision, Prayed for greater self-denial In temptation and in trial; It was noonday by the dial, And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened, An unwonted splendor brightened All within him and without him In that narrow cell of stone; And he saw the Blessed Vision Of our Lord, with light Elysian Like a vesture wrapped about him, Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I that from the centre

Of thy glory thou shouldst enter This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation. Loud the convent bell appalling, From its belfry, calling, calling, Rang through court and corridor, With persistent iteration He had never heard before. It was now the appointed hour When alike in shine or shower. Winter's cold or summer's heat. To the convent portals came, All the blind and halt and lame, All the beggars of the street, For their daily dole of food Dealt them by the brotherhood; And their almoner was he Who upon his bended knee, Rapt in silent ecstasy Of divinest self-surrender. Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go or should he stay,
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitor celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast Whispered, audible and clear, As if to the outward ear: "Do thy duty; that is best; Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started, And with longing look intent On the Blessed Vision bent, Slowly from his cell departed, Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting, Looking through the iron grating, With that terror in the eve That is only seen in those Who amid their wants and woes Hear the sound of doors that close, And of feet that pass them by; Grown familiar with disfavor. Grown familiar with the savor Of the bread by which men die! But today they knew not why, Like the gate of Paradise Seemed the convent gate to rise, Like a sacrament divine Seemed to them the bread and wine. In his heart the Monk was praying. Thinking of the homeless poor, What they suffer and endure; What we see not, what we see;

And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever things thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision Come to him in beggar's clothing, Come a mendicant imploring, Would he then have knelt adoring, Or have listened with derision, And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question, Full of troublesome suggestion, As at length, with hurried pace, Towards his cell he turned his face, And beheld the convent bright, With a supernatural light, Like a luminous cloud expanding Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awestruck feeling At the threshold of his door, For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry, calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"



SELF-DEPENDENCE

By Matthew Arnold

WEARY of myself and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire

O'er the sea and to the stars I send; "Ye who from my childhood up have calmed

Te who from my childhood up have calmed me,

Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,

Feel my soul becoming vast, like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,

O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,

In the rushing night air came the answer; "Wouldst thou be as these, live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without
them

Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining, And the sea its long moon-silvered roll; For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves and unregardful In what state God's other works may be, In their own tasks all their powers pouring, These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear, A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear; "Resolve to be thyself: and know that he

Who finds himself loses his misery!"



POEMS BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

GIVE all to Love; Obey thy heart; Friends, kindred, days, Estate, good fame, Plans, credit, and the muse; Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master, Let it have scope, Follow it utterly, Hope beyond hope; High and more high, It dives into noon, With wing unspent, Untold intent; But 'tis a god, Knows its own path,

And the outlets of the sky. 'Tis not for the mean, It requireth courage stout, Souls above doubt, Valor unbending; Such 'twill reward, They shall return More than they were, And ever ascending.

Leave all for Love; —
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart-beloved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,
Keep thee to-day
To-morrow, for ever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.
Cling with life to the maid;

But when the surprise, Vague shadow of surmise Flits across her bosom young Of a joy apart from thee, Free be she, fancy-free, Do not thou detain a hem, Nor the palest rose she flung From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself, As a self of purer clay,
Tho' her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive,
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods-arrive.

THE SONG OF LIFE

LET me go where'er I will, I hear a sky-born music still; It sounds from all things old, It sounds from all things young, From all that's fair, from all that's foul, Peals out a cheerful song. It is not only in the rose, It is not only in the bird. Not only where the rainbow glows, Nor in the song of woman heard, But in the darkest, meanest things, There alway, alway something sings. 'Tis not in the high stars alone, Nor in the cups of budding flowers, Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone, Nor in the bow that smiles in showers, But in the mud and scum of things There alway, alway something sings.

THE SOUL AND NATURE

A LL my hurts
My garden spade can heal, a woodland
walk,

A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush.

A wild rose, a rock-loving columbine,

Salve my worst wounds.

THINE OWN WEALTH

MAN'S the elm, and wealth the vine.
Stanch and strong the tendrils twine. Though the frail ringlets thee deceive, None from its stock that vine can reave. Fear not, then, thou child infirm, There's no god dare wrong a worm. Laurel crowns cleave to deserts And power to him who power exerts; Hast not thy share? On winged feet, Lo! it rushes thee to meet: And all that Nature made thine own, Floating in air or pent in stone, Will rive the hills and swim the sea And like thy shadow follow thee.



VERSES BY GOETHE

"WHAT I MEANT TO DO"

DID I when you went a-warring
Bid your bloody battles cease?
Did I make loud protestations
When your congress patched a peace?

But you would give me directions
How to read and how to write
From the mighty book that nature
Opened to the poet's sight!

If you have the poet's vision,
Show what things God showed to you;
But if my work you would measure,
First learn what I meant to do.

"BOLDNESS HATH GENIUS"

OSE this day loitering, it will be the same story

Tomorrow, and the rest more dilatory:
Thus indecision brings its own delays
And days are lost tormenting over other days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it;
Only engage and then the mind grows heated;

REST

Begin, and then the work will be completed.

REST is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife;

Flitting to ocean
After this life.
"Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
"Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.



IF YE LAY BOUND

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

I F ye lay bound upon the wheel of change, And no way were of breaking from the chain,

The Heart of boundless Being is a curse, The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,

The Heart of Being is celestial rest;

Stronger than woe is will: that which was

Doth pass to Better—Best.

- From "Light of Asia."



POEMS BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

APRIL RAIN

IT isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me, But fields of clover bloom, Where any buccaneering bee May find a bed and room. A health unto the happy, A fig for him who frets— It isn't raining rain to me, It's raining violets.

FOR WORSHIP ALL THE DAY

EVERY tree's a shrine to me, Each rock a temple rare, Each holy nook by hill or brook Is dedicate to prayer; Along go song with every hour, And flower by the way, Each sacred space is time and place For worship all the day.

Every star doth gleam afar
On altar of the night;
The priestess moon in silver shoon
Doth bless each peaceful light;
Anon the dawn doth bloom again,
The east in glad array, —
Up valiant happy heart and strong,
For worship all the day.

WORLD WAR

THE kings are going, there will be no kings

When compt shall come for all this

bloody day;

Out of the carnage and the sanguine fray Are looming portents of compulsive things;

Vast are the tidings my marconi brings,

The heirs of Hapsburg banisht in dismay,
The Romanovs are fleeing ashen gray,
The children starve, there are bread riotings,

The house of Hohenzollern is laid low, The kings are going, let them swiftly go;

A stricken world in horror and despair
Sickens of hate and venomed mutterings
Of court and clique, and damned intrigue
there,

The kings are going, there must be no kings.



HE ALONE IS LIVING By John Boyle O'Reilly

TO see the beauty of the world, and hear The rising harmony of growth, whose shade

Of undertone is harmonized decay; To know that love is life — that blood is one And rushes to the union — that the heart Is like a cup athirst for wine of love; Who sees and feels this meaning utterly, The wrong of law, the right of man, the natural

truth,
Partaking not of selfish aims, witholding not

The word that strengthens and the hand that helps!

Who wants and sympathizes with the pettiest life,

And loves all things, And reaches up to God With thanks and blessing—He alone is living.

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I WROTE down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heartaches passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.



LINES

From Alexander Pope

A LL are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is and God the soul; That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same, Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame; Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees; Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent; Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart.

A LL Nature is but art unknown to thee; All chance direction which thou canst not see;

All discord harmony not understood; All partial evil universal good.



MYSTERIES

By Charles Hanson Towne

IFE holds unmeasured sanctities, Immortal glories, — sun, and moon, The quiet stars, the western skies, And the deep wonder of ripe June;

The hills, the hosts of flowers; the mood Of Autumn, and the rippling rain; Beauty no heart has understood, Passion that makes no moment vain.

It is so strange — this gift of breath, This pageant of the earth and sea; Yet stranger far than Life or Death Is this, O Love — your need of me.



POEMS BY THEODORE LYNCH FITZ SIMONS

THE UNSEEN SCULPTOR

THERE is an unseen sculptor who hath wrought

Throughout the ages diverse forms, — sublime And comic figures; mortals call him Time, But to philosophers his name is Thought.

Contrasting attitudes and every sort
And cast of countenance portraying crime
And saint-like holiness in every clime, —
Youth's smiles, grief's lines, — hath he conceived and caught;

For as the inward soul is, ever must. The outward form be, — neither more nor less

Than by Thought's ceaseless chiselling defined,—

Joy's rounded contour, hollow-eyed Distress; Yet Sorrow's shapes shall crumble into dust When Thought hath immortality divined.

FATE

STRANGE it is, yet 'tis true, Man's fate is not ruled by a star, For whatever we think, we are; And whatever we are, we do.

Time tames us not; we grow old By thoughts of age, not by years. As a river-worn rock-bed, our fears Wear our forms into sorrowful mold.

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

LET me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by;

The men who are good and the men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynics ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of
the road

And be a Friend to man.

'TIS not the greatest singer,
Who tries the loftiest themes,
He is the true joy bringer,
Who tells his simplest dreams.

He is the greatest poet,
Who will renounce all art,
And take his heart and show it
To every other heart;
Who writes no learned riddle,
But sings his simplest rune,
Takes his heartstrings for a fiddle,
And plays his easiest tune.

YES, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed, An' clean yer barn in every part; But brush the cobwebs from yer head, An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.

Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes around, Bring forth the duster an' the broom, But rake yer foggy notions down, An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

VERSES WITH SMILES

THE TWO BROTHERS

By Lucien M. Lewis

THERE were twin brothers, we are told. Whose mother at their hour of birth To satisfy some curious whim, Gave them the oddest names on earth. She named one Can, the other, Can't, And, lest confusion might be made, She stamped their names upon their breasts, In letters that would never fade. Time passed; Can was a wondrous man, God-like in every thought and deed, And somehow everything he touched Straightway would prosper and succeed. Can't was the victim of bad luck. And failed at everything he tried;

'Till finally, the story goes,
Bad luck assailed him and he died.
O mothers of the sons of men,
O mothers of the race to be,
Stamp only Can upon their breasts;
Stamp deep that all the world may see!

REALIZED WISHES

By Winifred Brachlow

AT first I used to wish and wish For things I never got,
But now I've turned my wishing Into Concentrated Thought;
And would you really think it!
My wishes all come true;
Until I've only one wish left—
I wish the same for you.

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

GOD loves me,
And I love you;
That is the way
That God shines through.

SING A SONG

By FLORENCE ADELLA BERTELS

SING a song of victory,
A heart brimful of cry
Can be soon changed to laughter,
A song will drown a sigh.

Sing of truth that fails not, Of God who never sleeps; Sing with confidence in Him Who His people keeps.

Sunlight chases shadow, Healthful thoughts chase gloom; Then good cheer and courage In the heart find room.

Sing a song of victory,
Life's strings all in tune;
Singing Faith will soon transform
Night to day's full noon.

BLUES AND BLUES

By Annie L. Scull

IF you must sit high and sigh And have the blues, Why don't you try to realize That there are sighs and sighs, And Blues and Blues, From which to choose?

There are heavenly blues, and blue of tranquil seas.

Both pleasant — if you have them, pray have these.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

By Nixon Waterman

ONE day in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Flails

And half a dozen other boys were starting with their pails

To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said

That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead.

"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa,
"and then stick to it till

You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will

In search of better bushes, but it's picking tells, my son.

To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking one."

And Johnny did as he was told, and sure enough he found

By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around

In search of better picking, 'twas as his father said;

For while the others looked he worked, and so came out ahead.

And Johnny recollected this when he became a man,

And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan.

So while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brains and push,

Wise steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

FRIENDS

Author Unknown

New EVER lose an old friend No matter what the cause. We wouldn't ever do it If we didn't look for flaws. The one thing worth while having
Is a friend that's stood the test,
And who has one friend such as this
Knows friendship at its best.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

By Florens Folsom

JUST trust:
You know you must!
There's nothing else to do!
Trust, and wait;
Soon or late
Yours will come home to you.

A LL things come to him who waits
But that is merely stating
One feature of the case — you've got
To hustle while you're waiting.

--- Anon.

LAUGHTER

A RE you worsted in a fight? Laugh it off.

Are you cheated of your right? Laugh it off.

Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedy of trifles,

Don't shoot butterflies with rifles— Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks? Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks? Laugh it off.

If enjoyment you are after,

There's no recipe like laughter— Laugh it off.

- Century.

DIVINE PROGRESS

By Francis Ramsay

THE world is growing better—
Chant the rhyme—
The world is growing better
All the time.

Strife of creeds will pass away,
War dissolve in Love's bright ray;
Brightly dawns the Golden Day—
Thought sublime.

WHERE FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS GROW

By Ella Higginson

KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know;
And God put another one in for luck—

And God put another one in for luck—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,

You must lave and be strong; and so

You must love and be strong; and so, If you work, if you wait, you will find the place Where the four-leaf clovers grow.



BY MANY POETS

INVICTUS

By William Ernest Henley, 1849–1893

OUT of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud.
Under the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears Looms but the horror of the shade, And yet the menace of the years Finds and shall find me unafraid. It matters not how strait the gate, How charged with punishment the scroll, I am the master of my fate:

I am the captain of my soul.

GIVE WAY

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

CHALL we not open the human heart, Swing the doors till the hinges start; Stop our worrying, doubt and din, Hunting Heaven and dodging sin? There is no need to search so wide — Open the door and stand aside — Let God In!

Shall we not open the human heart To loving labor in field and mart; Working together for all about, The glad, large labor that knows not doubt? Can He be held in our narrow rim? Do the work that is work for Him -

Let God Out!

Shall we not open the human heart,
Never to close and stand apart?
God is a force to give way to!
God is a thing you have to do
God can never be caught by prayer,
Hid in your heart and fastened there—
Let God Through!

THE FURNACE

By WILLIAM ROSE BENET

A LL day for a wage
He shoveled rage
Into a furnace underground.
It waxed white-hot. It made a roaring sound
That sent its blast
Through all his being, 'till at last
This rage grew all his world. And still his
chains held fast.

So, from his throes, At last he rose, And, with his shovel, slew a man, — past care Ran stumbling, sobbing, raving for the air.

In consequence of which they bound him in a chair

And killed his body with electric volts.

The utter dolts!

SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL

By GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE

HOW shall I see no evil?
As the sun on the filthy pool, divining
Naught but the glow of its own clear shining
So shall you see no evil.

How shall I hear no evil?

As the lark in the blue, toward heaven winging Hears only the sound of its own clear singing, So shall you hear no evil.

How shall I speak no evil?

"As thyself, thy neighbor," such loving kindness

Will bring the holy deafness and blindness — And dumbness — to speak no evil.

THE WAY

By MARY H. FORCE

O MOTHER with your thousand cares,
O father with your business worries;
O student with your serious airs,
O servant with your nervous hurries—

Be still! For every care ten fears you're holding!

Be still! That great, mysterious Love enfolding

Awaits your call.

O toiler 'neath the sun's fierce rays, O sailor on a sea uncharted; O prisoner, eking out your days, O sinner, sufferer, broken-hearted — Be still! There is a Rock that hides you; Be still! The Power that fills you guides you Whate'er befall.

EVOLUTION

By Verne Dewitt Rowell

KNOW not of a thousand creeds Which one is right;

A child in midnight gloom and darkness lost I seek the light.

I only know that nothing is today As vesterday:

The whole world changes and I too evolve

In God's own way.

THE GREAT REUNION

By Alfred Noyes

A THOUSAND creeds and battle cries, A thousand warring social schemes, A thousand new moralities, And twenty thousand thousand dreams!

Each on his own anarchic way,
From the old order breaking free,
Our ruined world desires, you say,
License once more, not Liberty.

But, ah, beneath the struggling foam,
When storm and change are on the deep,
How quietly the tides come home,
And how the depths of sea shine sleep.

And we who march toward a goal,
Destroying only to fulfil
The law, the law of that great soul
Which moves beneath your alien will;

We that like foemen meet the past
Because we bring the future, know
We only fight to achieve at last
A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the common needs,
The common strivings of mankind;
Reunion of our warring creeds
In the one God that dwells behind.

Then — in that day — we shall not meet
Wrong with new wrong, but right with
right;

Our faith shall make your faith complete When our battalions reunite.

Forward! what use in idle words?
Forward, O warriors of the soul!
There will be breaking up of swords
When that new morning makes us whole.

- From "The Lord of Misrule."

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I TRACK UPSTREAM THE SPIRIT'S CALL

By Horace Traubel

I TRACK upstream the spirit's call. Far, far I go, past all the seasoned ways, Challenging the cautious calendars and towns.

I track upstream the spirit's call:

Where it will take me I do not know,

But my soul sees that it is all right and that we are not being deluded,

And my feet follow my soul, often tardily,

but the soul keeps on.

I linger with a last apology, I play with toys, I make light of what is off there for what I

can here put into my palm,

I delay all farewells until the farewell of departure,

And finally when leaving shed tears of genuine

regret.

I track upstream the spirit's call,

Not daring now to disobey my dream.

I am swept with the living current on and on:

Into whatever storm I contentedly go, into whatever peace.

BEREAVED

By James Whitcomb Riley

LET me come in where you sit weeping,

— ay,

Let me, who have not any child to die, Weep with you for the little one whose love I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands
you used

To kiss. Such arms—such hands I never knew.

May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service — say something, Between the tears, that would be comforting. —

But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I, Who have no child to die.¹

DEBTS

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

MY debt to you, Beloved, Is one I cannot pay In any coin of any realm On any reckoning day;

For where is he shall figure

The debt, when all is said,

To one who makes you dream again

When all the dreams were dead?

¹ "The best thing I ever did," said Riley of the above poem of his.

Or where is the appraiser
Who shall the claim compute
Of one who makes you sing again,
When all the songs were mute?

THE GARDENER

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

WHY did the lamp go out?
I shaded it with my cloak to save it
From the wind, that is why the lamp went
out.

Why did the flower fade?

I pressed it to my heart with anxious
Love, that is why the flower faded.

Why did the stream dry up?

I put a dam across it to have it for
My use, that is why the stream dried up.

Why did the harp-string break?
I tried to force a note that was
Beyond its power, that is why the harp-string
is broken.

THE GREAT FORGIVENESS

By Marchesa Florence Alli-Maccarani

WHY scorn the poor, the intermediate things

Twixt the far poles that ever hovering lie,
The little souls that strive to rise to high
Apotheosis on Virtue's broken wings?
Must not the crimson dart the tempest brings
Pierce the low clouds e'er blue mists seek the
sky?

sky?
So only he shall see the Victory nigh
O'er sin, o'er death, who far his pardon flings.
There are no evil things, no evil men
But golden grades upon ascending scales
That bear known good to good beyond our
ken.

Ay and at last souls New Thought raised know well

That e'en the Great Forgiveness fades and pales

For nought for pardon craves in Heaven or Hell.

VICTORY

By Henry Victor Morgan

I SING of victory, from the deep
Of broken years and sore defeat;
From out the bitter fires of pain
chant the victor's conquering strain,
For he who seeks to win the prize
Must hope till even courage dies;
And trust, though beaten to the dust,
That Truth will win when hope is lost.
This then is Victory — to know
Though crushed beneath the foeman's blow,
That every throb of mortal woe
Brings God to face the conquering foe.
From "Songs of Victory."

COURAGE

By Florens Folsom

COURAGE! Courage! Courage! The word is a marching-song;

Trumpets and bugles and drums to these seven sounds belong;

Banners and flags and pennons; shouts, applause, acclaim;—

But what of the courage that grubs in the dark, with never a dream of fame?

The courage for dull routine; for Monotony's treadmill round;

That cannot always smile, — but aye at its post is found;

That clinches Duty with bull-dog grip; that silently shoulders and bears

Taunts, reproaches, temptings, burdens, labors, cares.

Courage in the dark; Courage in shabby dress;

Courage forgetful of self, unavid of Happiness,

Not relying on Heaven, not afraid of Hell,— This is the kind of Courage for Me, though it toll a passing-bell!

SUGGESTION

By Clifford Greve

TO believe the song of the failures
In a land where good men have won
Is casting your lot with the losers;
And doing what they have done.

To listen and learn from the winners, Is winning yourself—their stake! You need not fear the advice you hear But beware whose advice you take!

TRUTH IS THE SUN

By SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE

THE truth is large; no man hath seen the

Larger than words; it brooks not the control Of argument and of distinctions nice; No age or creed can hold it, no device Of speech or language; ay, no syllogism; Truth is the sun, and reason is the prism You lift before it; whence the light is thrown In various colors; each man takes his own. If this man takes the red, as you the blue, Is yours the whole, and is his truth not true?

Spirit is truth, howe'er the colors fall; The fact comes back to spirit, after all.

THE MAN YOU MEANT TO BE

By ARTHUR WILLIAM BEER

A VISION there came in the night to me:
There stood before me with sad, stern
eves

A man whose presence breathed majesty, Wisdom and virtue, and high emprise.

What was it brought back the years long fled?
Who and what was this stranger to me?
I questioned him straightway, he gravely said:
"I am the man you meant to be."

Then, stricken sorely, I turned away.

Gone for aye was the wasted past,
The years I had frittered day by day,
And here had I come to the end at last.

But while I lay grieving I heard him say: "Waste not your time in dull despair;

This world is a new world every day. Turn your back on the past and forward fare.

"The days of the past you have wasted, 'tis true:

But of the fair future you still hold the key; It is never too late to begin life anew — I am the man you yet may be!"

"NEW THOUGHT"

By Anna Alice Chapin

HE wind that leaps from the singing deeps As fresh as the Sea's own spray, The wind that creeps from the eastern steeps, Warmed by the sun each day. Each free, sweet wind, so wild, so kind Is a feeble air and tame Compared to that Wind of subtler worth, The Breath of the Force that ruler the earth, -New-born, yet ever the same.

The tides that flow to the grasses low, And fill each arid hole,

The tides that flood the edge of the wood,

And steal to the waiting shoal,

The tides that rise where the white sand lies

Have a trivial work to do,

Compared to those waves that from God have swirled,

The Tides of the Thought that made the world.—

Eternal, yet ever new.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY

By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

ET every street be made a reverent aisle Where music grows and beauty is unchained.

Let every citizen be rich toward God, Let Christ the beggar teach divinity — Let no man rule who holds his money dear, Let this, our city, be our luxury.

— In "The Building of Springfield."

WHY NOT BEGIN?

By WITTER BYNNER

WHETHER the time be slow or fast, Enemies, hand in hand, Must come together at the last And understand.

No matter how the die is cast, Or who may seem to win— We know that we must love at last— Why not begin?

WHY?

By Katherine Quinn

WHAT Might Have Been is a wanton,
Barren, dissolute, cold;
False to the innermost core is she,
Tattered and soiled and sold.
What Is is a fair young maiden,
Resolute, fruitful, sweet

From the crown of her head to the soles

Of her swift moving feet.

Of her swift moving feet.

Eager and full of zest.

What Might Have Been is a harlot,
Ruin is in her breath;
Her words have the sting of the serpent,
Her kisses are presage of death.
What Is is a fountain of strength—
All who lie on her breast
Go forth to their labors renewed,

Yet how often our thoughts seek the wanton In place of the maiden fair!

How often we leave the virgin's white breast To lie in the harlot's lair!

THE LACK

By Ella Randall Pearce

HE who performs his work with hostile

Feeling no urge save need or love of pelf, May give full measure unto all mankind, But, at the best, ignobly cheats himself.

MY OWN

By MADELINE ABBOTT LANG

TODAY is mine. In it no infamy of thought,

Hate, Anger, Fear, Disease or Jealousy shall come,

To keep "my own" from me. "My own" is Health,

Peace, Poise and Length of Days in this glad world,

With Plenty — full of smiles — near by.

DETERMINATION

By ETHEL L. PREBLE

DETERMINATION! Thou fore-runner of Success;

Thou life-breath of all great desire;

Thou art a power that few possess:

Thou art the spark which makes the fire!

The tenacious beach-grass, thou,

Which binds the shifting sands of idle thought,

And, — with that force which makes men bow —

Lo! In them a miracle is wrought!

CIRCUMSTANCE

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

MEN marvel at the poet's song, Each lyric's soft, enchanting ring, Nor dream that once, when days were long, 'Twas grief that taught her heart to sing.

They watch the painter's canvas glow
With sunlit waters, dawn's faint blush
That yield no hint of years ago
When poverty hath sped his brush.

Yet I, the shadowed Circumstance
Still wait within my darkened way
And prick men with a testing lance
To prove them more than common clay.

WHEN DUTY IS A JOY

JOY is a duty;—so with golden lore The Hebrew Rabbis taught in days of yore; And happy hearts heard in their speech Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.

But one bright peak still rises far above!

And there the master stands whose name is love,

Saying to those whom heavy tasks employ, Life is divine when duty is a joy.

- Author not known.

SHINE JUST WHERE YOU ARE

By John Hay

DON'T waste your time in longing For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight
Because you are not a star,
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

102 POEMS OF SUN-LIT HEIGHTS

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done;
You may never be called to brighten
The darkest regions afar;
So, fill for the day your mission
By shining just where you are.

GOOD AND ILL

By Joaquin Miller

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two where God does not.

SUCH BLOSSOMINGS

By John Milton Scott

A BEAUTEOUS dress
The little worm
Wore down among the grass.

I felt distress, Such pity 't seemed That into dust it pass.

But when I saw
The butterfly
Spread out its rainbow wings,

I blessed the law
Of bitter loss
That knew such blossomings.

RECIPROCITY

By Rose M. DE VAUX-ROYER

A T birth of morn, a pearly drop of dew Stood poised upon the petals of a flower. God placed it there, its mission to pursue—Directed by love's insight keen and true—Deep in this thirsting heart it spent its power.

power.

The Rose bloomed on beneath the scorching rays

Of noontide; fed by this one tear from

Heaven.

Heart-comforted by token of His praise, It sent its fragrance through the close byways,

Cheering the day from dawn till tides of

even.

FIGHT not against thy sins, my child!

Better, remember what thou art—
A soul, joined to the living God;
His offspring, from whose boundless heart
Forever flows into thine own,
Strength, wisdom, truth, and love supreme:
When thou rememberest this, dear one,
Where are thy sins? Thou didst but dream.

- MARY PUTNAM GILMORE.

"FOR LOVE'S SAKE"

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

IF thou must love me, let it be for nought Except for love's sake only. Do not say "I love her for her smile, her look, her way Of speaking gently, for a trick of thought That falls in well with mine," For these things in themselves, Beloved, May be changed or change for thee,

106 POEMS OF SUN-LIT HEIGHTS

And love so placed may be unplaced so. Neither love me for thine own dear pity, Wiping my cheeks dry: Some day I might be too content to weep And lose thy love thereby: But love me for love's sake, that evermore We may love on through love's Eternity. If thou go from me, yet I feel that I shall stand Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore Alone upon the threshold of my door Of individual life, I shall command The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand Without the sense of thy touch upon the palm. The widest land fate takes to part us Leaves thy heart in mine With pulses that beat double. What I do and what I dream include thee, And when I pray God for myself He hears that name of thine, And sees, within my eyes, the tears of two.

COUNTERPOISE

By CAROLINE D. SWAN

O PALLID blue of yon ethereal sky, O gold of sunset swiftly drawing near, How soft ye meet and blend! The atmosphere Still bids your sweet opposing tints ally To create emerald. So pure and high The delicate new tone, so elfin clear, — From both resultant — that we strain to hear Its color-music. Painters, who descry Its fair gradations, muse in wonderment. So, love, thy soul with silent spirit touch Re-acts on mine. Thy golden, calm content Soothes its low stir, a-quiver overmuch; 'Tis warmth and light! As though some firebird flew Into its deeps of meditative blue.

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INDIRECTION

By RICHARD REALF

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;

Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;

Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;

And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;

Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing:

Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;

Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer has foretold him.

- Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
- Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
- Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling,
- Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.
- Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
- Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;

 Back of the sound broods the silence; back
- of the gift stands the giving;
 Back of the hand that receives thrill and
- sensitive nerves of receiving.
- Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
- The heart of the wooing; but warmer the heart of the wooing;

And up from the pits where those shiver, and up from the heights where these shine, Twin voices and shadows swing starward, and the essence of life is divine.

THE PSALM OF THE WOODSMAN

By WILLIAM STEWARD GORDON

BLESSED is the man that loveth Nature, For he shall never be lonely!
Yea, though he loseth himself in the forest He is still in the midst of friends.

The trees stretch their arms in protection; They invite him under their shelter. Their roots take hold of the mountain Like the stakes of a tent set firmly.

The moss on the bark is a compass To tell him whither he goeth;

It points his direction as surely As the guide-board out on the highway.

The winds and the clouds are his servants; He knoweth their course in the season. Yea, the tree turns its face from the tempest, So the burden of branches is southward.

The beasts and the birds are his comrades; He knoweth their signs and their habits. He knoweth their challenge of anger, And their milder language of mating.

The rivulet calls him with laughter, And the pool is his only mirror. He looks, and the beard on his bosom Is blended with moss on the cedars.

He knoweth the roots that are wholesome, And the edible barks and the berries— The camas that holdeth no poison, The celery and rice of the lakelets. Yea, blessed the man of the mountains! And thrice blessed is he if he follows The trail that leads over the summit On the highway to regions immortal.

The years hang as light on his shoulders As the grizzled wings of the eagle, They are only fanciful burdens, For they help him to fly away.

His is the calling courageous: He blazed the trail for his children. His footprints are waymarks of safety And his bones are a guide to the living.

THE SPUR

By Aldis Dunbar

 $B_{
m track}^{
m ECAUSE}$ of your strong faith, I kept the

Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well nigh spent.

I could not meet your eyes if I turned back, So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in me, The threatening crags that rose, my way

The threatening crags that rose, my way to bar,

I conquered, inch by crumbling inch — to see

The goal afar!

And though I strive toward it through hard years.

Or flinch, or falter blindly, — yet, within, "You can!" unwavering, — my spirit hears;

And I shall win!

UPLIFTS

By STILLMAN F. KNEELAND

A DVERSITY is fortune's school, Its lessons fill the air; There's wisdom in the babbling brooks And uplifts everywhere.

Disasters are but stepping-stones, That span life's mystic streams, Mere finger-posts to victory, Or figments of our dreams.

The hand that bringeth sorrow, Ofttimes a blessing brings; The clouds that hover o'er us Are only angels' wings.

If God is God and right is right, Though fools and cowards blame, Stand in the glowing beacon light, That ever shines the same.

If God is good and right is might,
We cannot suffer long;
Discount the final victory,
And lift your soul in song.

THIS EARTH A PUZZLE

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

THIS earth is just a puzzle box
With secrets hidden in the rocks,
And Titan forces under locks
That wait on mental keys to free them.
Look hard enough and you will see them.
Few things are new
But you can view
Old truths from quite another angle:

But you can view Old truths from quite another angle; And if you concentrate, untangle What yesterday left in a wrangle.

116 POEMS OF SUN-LIT HEIGHTS

The men who passed before were blind At times, and left a wealth behind Of opportunities that still Cry out to serve a stronger will, A sharper eye, a keener brain: The dogged seldom search in vain.



BRIEF STANZAS OF POETRY

TALK not of wasted affection! Affection never was wasted.

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning

Back to their springs like the rains shall fill them full of refreshment.

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

- Longfellow.

BUILD thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past,

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

POEMS OF SUN-LIT HEIGHTS

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast.

Till thou at length art free;

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

- Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus."

FRAME your mind to mirth and merriment Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life. — SHAKESPEARE.

THOU that sittest above the sound of

O thou lovely One, with thy beautiful Face, with thy beautiful Eves,

Thou knowest not Crime; thou sayest of the Evil-doer.

'His brow is fevered.' And thou layest thine Hand

On his hot brow, and coolest it to Peace." — From The Japanese. THE worlds in which we live are two:
The world I AM and the world I DO.

- VAN DYKE.

BY thine own soul's law, learn to live;
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care—
Sing then thy song, and do thy deed;
Hope then thy hope, and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.

—JOHN WHITTIER.

WATCH well the building of thy dream!
However hopeless it may seem,
The time will come when it shall be
A prison or a home for thee.

- WINIFRED WEBB.

WORK thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve

The thing thou lovest, though the body starve, Who works for glory misses oft the goal;

Who works for money coins his very soul;

Work for the work's sake, then, and it may

be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

- Kenyon Cox.

I AM beginning to suspect
That all the world are partners, whatever
their creed or sect;

That life is a kind of pilgrimage — a sort of Jericho road,

And kindness to one's fellows the sweetest law in the code.

- WALLACE BRUCE, Inasmuch.

THE inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining.
And so I turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining.

- James Whitcomb Riley.

BE noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping, but never dead,
Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own.

— WHITTIER.

To be saved is only this, Salvation from our selfishness.

— Whittier

THE sorrow that unmakes some old desire, And on the same foundation builds a higher,

Hath more than joy for him who acquiesces.

-Anon.

ONLY thyself thyself can harm.
Forget it not! And full of peace
As if the south wind whispered warm,
Wait thou till storm and tumult cease.

- Anon.

Let thy soul walk softly in thee, as a saint in heaven unshod,

For to be alone with silence is to be alone with God.

GOD is the Whole—love all and you love God;
Soul and body, sky and sea and sod.

"Joy is the grace we say to God."

To the Poets Whose Poems Appear in this little volume, and to the publishers of their books, the publishers of this Little Sun-book extend their cordial thanks for co-operation.

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